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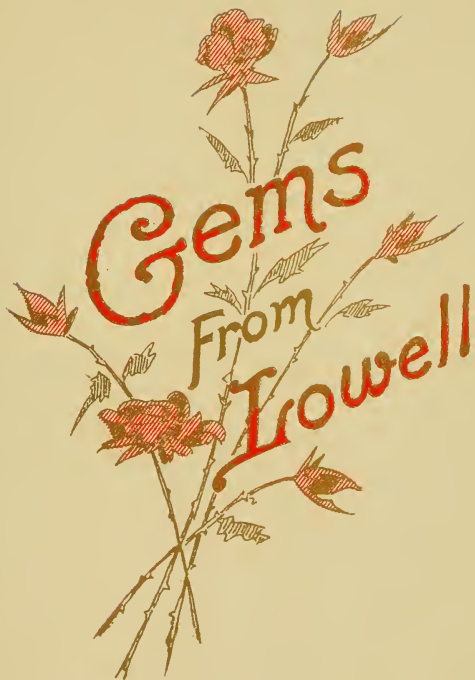


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Book 4

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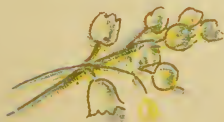
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Boston 1904.

First Day.

A poem every flower is,
And every leaf a line,
And with delicious memories
They fill this heart
of mine:
No living blossoms are
so clear
As these dead relics
treasured here.

Flowers.



Second Day.



WHY should we ever weary of this
life?

Our souls should widen ever,
not contract,

Grow stronger, and not harder, in
the strife,

Filling each moment with a noble act.

Sonnets.

Where is the true man's fatherland?

Is it where he by chance is born?

Does not the yearning spirit scorn

In such scant borders to be spanned?

O, yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,

Where God is God and man is man?

Does he not claim a broader span

For the soul's love of home than this?

O, yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free.

The Fatherland.

Third Day.




THE sand is so smooth,
 the yellow sand,
That thy keel will not grate as it
 touches the land
All around with a slumberous sound
The singing waves slide up the
 strand,
And there, where the smooth,
 wet pebbles be,
 The waters gurgle longingly
As if they fain would seek the shore,
 To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
To be at rest forevermore,—
 Forevermore.

Thus on Life's gloomy sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing in his ear,
"Here is rest and peace for thee."

The Sirens.

Fourth Day.



Our fathers fought for Liberty,
They struggled long and well,
History of their deeds can tell—
But did they leave us free?

Are we free from vanity,
Free from pride and free from self,
Free from love of power and pelf,
From everything that's beggarly?

Are we free from stubborn will,
From low hate and malice small,
From Opinion's tyrant thrall?
Are none of us our own
slaves still?

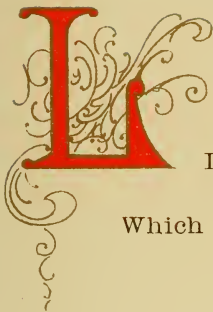
* * * * *

Our fathers fought for
liberty,
They struggled long and
well,
History of their deeds can
tell—
But ourselves must set us
free.

Fourth of July Ode.



Fifth Day.



LI FT up the curtains of thine eyes
And let their light outshine!
Let me adore the mysteries
Of those mild orbs of thine,
Which ever queenly calm do roll,
Attuned to an ordered soul!

Song.

The night is calm and beautiful, the snow
Sparkles beneath the clear and frosty moon
And the cold stars, as if it took delight
In its own silent whiteness; the hushed
earth
Sleeps in the soft arms of the embracing blue,
Secure as if angelic squadrons yet
Encamped about her, and each
watching star
Gained double brightness from the
flashing arms
Of winged and unsleeping sentinels.

New Year's Eve.

Sixth Day.

One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow,
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling
And the wind
breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on
the river,
Widen and mingle.
one
and all;
Here and there
the slenderer
flowers
shiver
Struck by the
icy rain-drop's
fall.

Summer Storm.





Seventh Day.

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet

With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved-one of my youth thou wert,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,

All the fresh and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Song.



Eighth Day.



NACREON of the meadow,
Drunk with the joy of spring!
Beneath the tall pine's voiceful
shadow
I lie and drink thy jargonings:
My soul is full with melodies,
One drop would overflow it,
And send the tears into
mine eyes —
But what car'st thou to know it?

The Bobolink.

'Tis good to be abroad in the sun,
His gifts abide when day is done;
Each thing in nature from his cup
Gathers a several virtue up;
The grace within its being's reach
Becomes the nutriment of each,
And the same life imbibed by all
Makes each most individual.

Out of Doors.

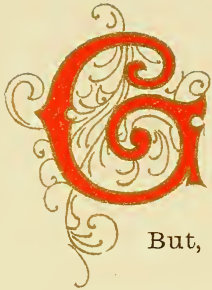


Ninth Day.

There's a haven of sure rest
From the loud world's bewildering
stress,
As a bird dreaming on her nest,
As dew hid in a rose's breast,
As Hesper in the glowing West;
So the heart sleeps
In thy calm deeps,
Serene Forgetfulness!

Forgetfulness.

Tenth Day.



GOOD were the days of yore when
men were tried
By ring of shields, as now by
ring of gold.

But, while the gods are left, and
hearts of men,

And the free ocean, still the days are good;
Through the broad Earth roams Opportunity
And knocks at every door of hut or hall
Until she finds the brave soul that she wants!

Hakon's Lay.

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And has its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content,
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home.

Love.



Eleventh Day.

And yet—and yet—
O selfish love!
I am not happy
even with thee;
I see thee in thy brightness
move,
And cannot well contented be,
Save thou should'st shine
alone for me.

Something Natural.

And Love is gone;—
I have seen him come,
I have seen him, too,
depart,
Leaving desolate his
home,
His bright home in
my heart.
I am alone!

The Departed.

Twelfth Day.



INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day.

* * * * *

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

The Fountain.



Thirteenth Day.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

The Heritage.

Fourteenth Day.



AIR as a single star thou shinest,
And white as lilies are,
The slender hands wherewith thou
twinest
Thy heavy auburn hair;
Thou art to me
A memory
Of all that is divinest.

Farewell.

* * * The soul, for sunshine made,
Grows wan and gracile in the shade,
Her faculties, which God decreed
Various as Summer's daedal breed,
With one sad color are imbued,
Shut from the sun that tints their blood.

Out of Doors.

Why mourn we for the golden prime
When our young souls were kingly, strong and true?
The soul is greater than all time,
It changes not, but yet is ever new.

Sphinx.

Fifteenth Day.



He seemed a cherub who had lost
his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 't was
most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore!

Threnodia.

Her's is a spirit deep, and crystal-clear,
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies,
Free without boldness, meek without a fear,
Quicker to look than speak its
sympathies;
For down into her large and patient eyes
I gaze, deep drinking of the infinite,
As, in the mid-watch of a clear, still night,
I look into the fathomless blue skies.

Arene.



Sixteenth Day.

A little of thy
steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy
gracefulness,
Old oak,
give me,—
That the world's
blasts may
round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

The Beggar.

Seventeenth Day.



SOMETIMES she dons a robe of green,
Sometimes a robe of snowy white,
But, in whatever garb she's seen
It seems most beautiful and right,
And is the loveliest to my sight.


The Lover.

There is not in this life of ours
One bliss unmixed with fears,
The hope that wakes our deepest powers
A face of sadness wears,
And the dew that showers our dearest flowers
Is the bitter dew of tears.

* * * * *

Yet would the true soul rather choose
Its home where sorrow is,
Than in a sated peace to lose
Its life's supremest bliss—
The rainbow hues that bend profuse
O'er cloudy spheres like this.

In Sadness.



Eighteenth Day.

And what is so rare as a
day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect
days;

Then Heaven tries the
earth if it be in
tune,

And over it softly her
warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

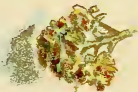
An instinct within it that
reaches and

towers,

And, groping blindly above it
for light,

Climbs to a soul
in grass and
flowers.

*The Vision of
Sir Launfal.*



Nineteenth Day.



NOW is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life has ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a
ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet, and creek, and
bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop
overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

What heed I if the sky be blue?
So are thy holy eyes,
And bright with shadows ever new
Of changeful sympathies,
Which in thy soul's unruffled deep
Rest evermore, but never sleep. *Song.*



Twentieth Day.

Knowledge doth
only
widen love;
The stream, that
lone and
narrow rose,
Doth, deepening
ever, onward move,

And with an even current flows
Calmer and calmer to the close.

Love's Altar.

Yet bracing up our bruised mail the while,
And fronting the old foe with fresher spirit.
How great it is to breathe with human breath,
To be but poor foot-soldiers in the ranks
Of our old exiled king, Humanity;
Encamping after every hard-won field
Nearer and near Heaven's happy plains.

New Year's Eve.

Twenty-first Day.



O more my spirit can be shaken
From its calm and kingly rest!
Love hath shed its light around me,
Love hath pierced the shades
that bound me;
Mine eyes are opened, I can see
The universe's mystery,
The mighty heart and core
Of After and Before
I see, and I am weak no more! *Bellerophon.*

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

An Incident in a Railroad Car.



Twenty-second Day.

Gentle, Lady, be thy
sleeping,
Peaceful may thy
dreamings
be,
While around thy
soul is sweeping,
Dreamy-winged,
our
melody,
Chant we,
Brothers,
sad and slow,
Let our
song be soft and low
As the voice of
other years.

The Serenade.

Twenty-third Day.



BEAUTY is Love and what we love
Straightway is beautiful,
So is the circle round and full,
And so dear Love doth live and
move
And have his being.

Bellerophon.

God bless the Present! it is ALL;
It has been Future, and it shall be Past;
Awake and live! thy strength recall,
And in one trinity unite them fast.

Sphinx.

Go little book! the world is wide,
There's room and verge enough for thee;
For thou hast learned that only pride
Lacketh fit opportunity,
Which comes unbid to modesty.

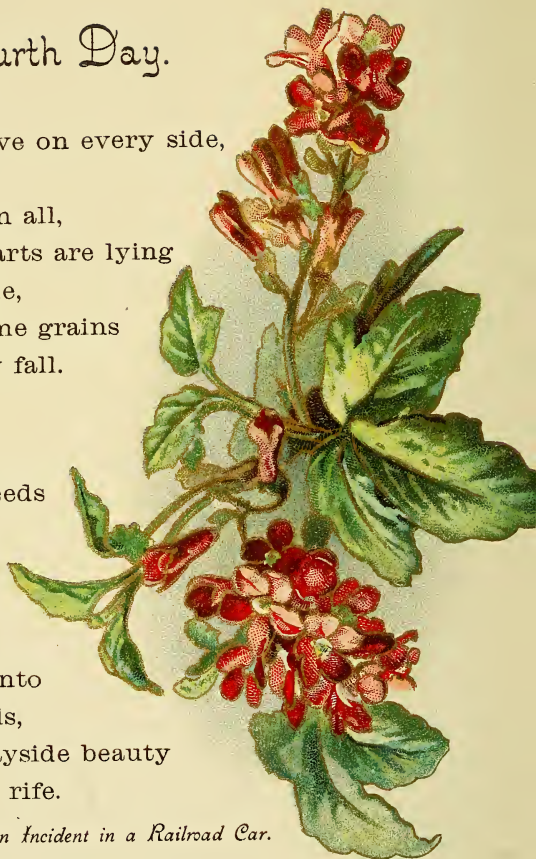
Goe, Little Booke.

Twenty-fourth Day.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his
 children all,
And always hearts are lying
 open wide,
Wherein some grains
 may fall.

There is no wind
 but soweth seeds
Of a more
 true and open
 life,
Which burst,
 unlooked-for, into
high-souled deeds,
 With wayside beauty
 rife.

An Incident in a Railroad Car.



Twenty-fifth Day.



ONE seed contains another seed,
And that a third, and so
forever more;
And promise of as great a deed
Lies folded in the deed that went
before. *Sphinx.*

The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the
best. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*



Twenty-sixth Day.

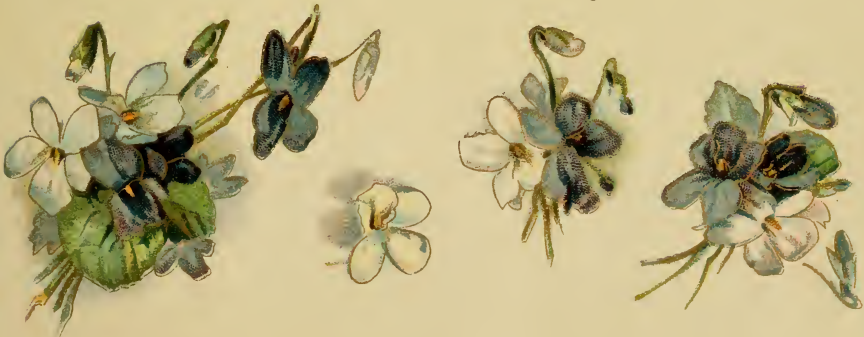
Now in a fairy boat,
On the bright
waves
of song,
Full merrily
I float,
Merrily float
along;
My helm is veered,
I care not how,
My white sail
bellies over me,
And bright as gold
the ripples be
That splash beneath the bow;
Before, behind,
They feel the wind
And they are dancing joyously.

Music.

Twenty-seventh Day.

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee, let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping — but divine.
Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that Nature meant thee!

Song.



Twenty-eighth Day.



LESSING she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day
holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the
snow,
For hath she ever chanced to
know
That aught were easier than to bless.
My Love.

I know a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
Or wings so strong as this of mine.

* * * * *

Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,
For still between them and the sky
The falcon Truth hangs poised forever
And marks them with his vengeful eye.
The Falcon.

Twenty-ninth Day.



The thousand little
things that love
doth treasure up
for aye,
And brood upon with
moistened eyes when
she that's loved's away,
The word, the look, the
smile, the blush,
the ribbon that she wore,
Each day they grow more dear to me,
and pain me more and more.

Song.

I love thee for that thou art fair;
And that thy spirit joys in aught
Createth a new beauty there,
With thine own dearest image fraught;
And love, for others' sake
that springs,
Gives half their charm to lovely things.

Impartiality.

Thirtieth Day.



LIPS may fade and roses wither,
All sweet times be o'er—
They only smile, and, murmuring
“Thither!”

Stay with us no more:
And yet ofttimes a look or smile,
Forgotten in a kiss's while,
Years after from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart.

The Token.

Thou mad'st me happy with thine eyes,
And happy with thine open smile,
And, as I write, sweet memories
Come thronging round me all the while;
Thou mad'st me happy with thine eyes—
And gentle feelings long forgot
Looked up and oped their eyes,
Like violets when they see a spot
Of summer in the skies.

T. S. W. S.



Thirty-first Day.



HEAVEN help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That blossoms here as well unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
O, give, to strengthen me.

The Beggar.

Thine is music such as yields
Feelings of old brooks and fields,
And around this pent-up room,
Sheds a woodland, free perfume;
O, thus forever sing to me!
O, thus forever! *To Perdita, Singing.*

O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality! *Midnight*

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